


# A new Yorkshyre Song, Intituled:

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie: Of all the Cities that euer I see,  
For mery pastime and companie, Except the Cittie of London.

 I came thow the Northcountrey,  
The fashions of the world to see,  
I sought for mery companie,  
to goe to the Cittie of London:  
And when to the Cittie of Yorke I came,  
I found good companie in the same,  
As well it posed to every game,  
as if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke for my monie,  
Of all the Cities that euer I see,  
For mery pastime and companie,  
Except the Cittie of London.

And in that Cittie what sawe I then?  
Knights, Squires, and Gentlemen,  
A shooing went for Datches ten,  
as if it had been at London.  
And they shot for twentie poundes a Bowe,  
Beloes great there they did bestowe,  
I neuer saw a gallanter Bowe,  
except I had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke for my monie, &c.

The Datches you shall understande,  
The Earle of Essex tooke in hand,  
Against the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
as if it had been at London.  
And agree these matches all shall be,  
For pastime and good companie,  
At the Cittie of Yorke full merrily,  
as if it had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke for my monie, &c.

In Yorke, there dwells an Alderman, which  
Datche was, and very much,  
I neuer heard of any such,  
in all the Cittie of London.  
His name is Maltbie, mery and wise,  
At any pastime you can devise,  
But in shooting all his pleasures lyes,  
the like was neuer in London.  
Yorke, yorke for my monie, &c.

This Maltbie, for the Citties sake,  
To shooe (himself) did undertake,  
At any good Datch the Earles would make,  
as well as they doe at London.  
And he brought to the fildes with him,  
One Specke, an Archer proper and trim,  
And Smith, that shooe about the pin,  
as if it had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

Then came from Cumberlande Archers thre,  
Best Bowmen in the North countree,  
I will tell you their names what they be,  
well knowne to the Cittie of London.  
Wamsley, many a man doth knowe,  
And Bolton, how he draweth his Bowe,  
And Ruliffes shooting long agoe,  
well knowne to the Cittie of London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And the Noble Earle of Essex came,  
To the fildes himself to see the same,  
Which shalbe had for euer in fame,  
as soone as I come at London.  
For he shewed himself so diligent there,  
To make a Parke and keepe it faire:  
It is worthe memorie to declare,  
throughe all the Cittie of London.  
Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And then was shooting out of crye,  
The shanting at a handfull nie,  
And yet the winde was very hie,  
as if it was sometimes at London.

They clapt the Cloutes so on the ragges,  
There was such betting and such bagges:  
And galloping vp and downe with Ragges,  
as if it had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And neuer an Archer gaue regarde,  
To halfe a Bowe, nor halfe a parde,  
I neuer see Datches goe more harde:  
about the Cittie of London:  
For, fairer play was neuer plaide,  
Nor fairer lapes was neuer laide,  
And a weeke together, they kept this trade,  
as if it had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

The Mayor of Yorke, with his companie,  
Were all in the fildes, I warrant ye,  
To see good rule kept orderly,  
as if it had been at London.  
Which was a dutifull sight to see,  
The Mayor and Aldermen there to bee,  
For the setting forth of Archerie,  
as well as they doe at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And there was neither fault nor fray,  
Nor any disorder any way:  
But every man did pitch and pay,  
as if it had been at London:  
As soone as every Datch was done,  
Every man was pr that won,  
And merrily vp and me did runne,  
as if it had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And neuer a man that went abroade,  
But thought his well bestowde:  
And monie layd on cape and loade,  
as if it had been at London.  
And Gentlemen there, so frauke and free,  
As a Datch at Yorke, againe should bee,  
Like shooting did I neuer see,  
except I had been at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

At Yorke, were Ambassadors thre,  
Of Russia, Lordes of high degree,  
This shooting they desired to see:  
as if it had been at London:  
And one desired to drawe a Bowe,  
The force and strength thereof to knowe,  
And for his delight he eyew it so,  
as seldom scene in London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And they did manuaile very much,  
There could be any Archer such,  
To shooe so farr the Cloute to tutch,  
which is no newes to London:  
And they might well consider than,  
An English shaft will kill a man,  
As hath been proued where and when,  
and Cronicle since in London. Yorke, &c.

The Earle of Cumberlands Archers won,  
Two Datches cleare, ere all was done:  
And I made hast apace to runne,  
to carie these newes to London.  
And Wamsley did the byshot win,  
Which both his shafts so nere the pin,  
You could scarce haue put thre fingers in,  
as if it had been at London. Yorke, &c.

I passe not for my monie it cost,  
Though some I spent, and some I lost,  
I wanted neither sod nor roast,  
as if it had been at London.

For there was plentie of every thing,  
Redd and fallow Deere for a King,  
I neuer sawe so mery shooting,  
since first I came from London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue the Cittie of Yorke therefore,  
That hath such noble frendes in Roie,  
And such good Aldermen send them more,  
and the like good lucke at London:  
For, it is not little iope to see,  
When Lordes and Aldermen so agree,  
With such accordyng Communalitie,  
God sende vs the like at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
His praise in golden lines shall stande,  
That maintaynes Archerie throughe the land,  
as well as they doe at London.  
Whose noble minde so courteously,  
Acquaints himself with the Communalitie,  
To the glorie of his Nobilitie,  
I will carie the praise to London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And tell the good Earle of Essex thus,  
As he is now pong and prosperous,  
To be such properties vertuous,  
deserues great praise in London:  
For, it is no little iope to see,  
When noble Douthes so gracious bee,  
To giue their good willes to their Countree,  
as well as they doe at London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

Farewell good Cittie of Yorke to thee,  
Tell Alderman Maltbie this from mee,  
In print shall this good shooting bee,  
as soone as I come at London.  
And many a Song will I bestowe,  
On all the Datchions that I knowe,  
To sing the praises where they goe,  
of the Cittie of Yorke, in London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue our Queene, and keepe our peace  
That our good shooting maie increas:  
And praying to God, let vs not cease,  
as well at Yorke, as at London.  
That all our Countrey round about,  
May haue Archers good to hit the Clout,  
Which England cannot be without,  
no more then Yorke and London.  
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God graunt that (once) her Maistie,  
Would come her Cittie of Yorke to see,  
For the comfort great of that Countree,  
as well as she doth to London.  
Nothing shalbe thought to deare,  
To see her Highnes Person there,  
With such obedient loue and feare,  
as euer she had in London.

Yorke, yorke for my monie,  
Of all the Cities that euer I see,  
For mery pastime and companie,  
Except the Cittie of London.

From Yorke, by W. E.

Imprinted at London by

Richard Iones: dwelling  
nere Holburne Bridge.  
1584.